

THE
Modern Courtier :
OR THE
AMBITIOUS STATESMAN'S
ADVICE to his SON.

In order to his
Advancement at C-----T.

A
P O E M.
IN FIVE CANTO'S.

Written by a Noble L----D to his SON.

*O Energy divine of great Ambition,
That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
And ripen 'em to Men, in spite of Nature.*

ROWE.

L O N D O N :

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Advice to his Son.



Advertisement of the Courtier.

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in FIVE CANTOS.

Written by a Noble Lord to his Son.

Of every kind of great Ambition,
That can inspire the soul of Britain's Lord,
And every kind of great Ambition,
That can inspire the soul of Britain's Lord,
Rowe.

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Printed and Sold by J. P. ... in Great Britain,
... and ...
... (The Great Britain)



THE
MODERN COURTIER:

OR THE

AMBITIOUS STATESMAN'S
ADVICE to his SON.

CANTO I.

The THEME.

*Ambitious Men should be from Conscience free,
And steer by Michiavelian Policy;
He that would climb aloft must lay aside
The cautious Checks of such a doubtful Guide;
Religion also should be made a Tool,
And Monarch Int'rest govern those that rule.*



Y Son, if to a Courtier's Life inclin'd,
And lust of Pow'r, inflames thy
youthful Mind,

A

Example

Example take by Men of Noble Blood,
 And study to be Great, instead of Good;
 Abandon Conscience, with her dull Restraints;
 Leave her to pious Hypocrites, call'd *Saints*;
 Whene'er she labours to disturb your Rest,
 Strive you the more t'exclude her from your
 Breast :

Treat her, as wealthy Misers do the Poor,
 Tho' she knocks boldly, starve her at the Door,
 For Tyrant-like, where she Admittance gains,
 She storms and conquers, 'till at last she reigns;
 Then Captive leads, the sneaking Fool she awes,
 And strictly governs by her own Bye-Laws:
 Torments her cow'rdly Victims with Remorse,
 Whene'er they stray, from her appointed Course;
 Rules 'em as Teachers do their list'ning Slaves,
 And makes 'em Fools for fear they shou'd be Knaves.
 From Conscience therefore keep your Bosom clear,
 And by the Compass of Ambition steer;
 Be bold when Int'rest calls, and push at all,
 The lofty Climber ne'er shou'd dread a Fall.

In crafty Schemes and Projects, to out-wit
 The Crowd, for your own private Benefit,

With-

Without much Danger, you may Conscience
plead,

But let her not command one Thought or Deed;
In such a Case, what's false you may attest,
And gently clap your Hand upon your Breast:
Then, that you may your Game the better play,
Call her to witness what you gravely say;
But, when her sacred Name has serv'd your Ends,
Lay her aside, as great Men do their Friends,
Left o'er your Soul she should in Triumph ride,
And fill you with P---l-- H---k Zeal and Pride;
Make you stiff-neck'd, like him that boasts of

Grace,

And wears his Calling in his Cloak and Face:
As Bakers, by their Jackets drudg'd with Meal,
Proclaim the dusty Trade in which they deal,
And Heralds, by their painted Coats declare,
In pompous Cavalcades, whose F--s they are.
Conscience is binding, Men of Conscience own,
Then he enjoys most Freedom that hath none;
But how can Conscience and the Will agree?
If the first binds, how can the last be free?
The Church allows Mankind Free will in vain
If Conscience guides or can that Will restrain;

But now the Church and State, to stop the Growth
 Of these Disputes, give Liberty to both;
 Dear Liberty, that glorious blessed Name!
 Take care, my Son, that you enjoy the same;
 Be rid by no Church Principles, not one,
 Fly all Religions, be enslav'd by none;
 Banter the Text, make Popery your Scoff,
 Call yourself Protestant, and that's enough,
 To which more Politick, than pious Name,
 A Thousand Hydra-Sectaries lay claim:
 If this Profession with your Mind agrees,
 You may still serve your Int'rest, hug your Ease,
 And be as loose a Christian as you please.

When by Free-thinking you have clear'd
 your Mind,
 Of Conscience, that Disturber of Mankind,
 Which from old musty Precepts has its rise,
 And breeds the very Worm that never dies,
 Laugh at those humdrum Zealots, who postpone
 The Joys of Life, for Happiness unknown,
 And hope, by living Slaves and Wretches here,
 To merit Crowns of Glory G-d knows where.

Consider Virtue as a Schoolman's Dream,
 Which, without Riches, meets with no Esteem;
 In Cottages and Rags she may be found,
 But rarely grasps the Sceptre and the Mound;
 Unletter'd Fools may to her Laws submit,
 But Guides of all Opinions know the Cheat;
 Virtue is nothing but an outside Show,
 An empty something, like a well-dress'd Beau;
 Has little in her, search'd by Men of Wit,
 But Folly, Ostentation, and Deceit;
 Looks coy at first, but will her Charms unfold,
 When home-attack'd by Flattery or Gold;
 And among tim'rous Lovers, young and nice,
 Is but the Lure to each succeeding Vice,
 For where she seems most safely to reside,
 There is she daily most attack'd and try'd,
 Till, by Degrees, her boasted Vigour fails,
 And Nature, spight of all her Pow'r, prevails:
 No Fort so strong, no Governor so wise,
 No pious Wife, or Virgin so precise,
 But may be brib'd, or taken by Surprise.

Depend on no one's Virtue, not your own,
 To Day she stands her ground, to-morrow flown;

Love

Love neither Sex for her peculiar Sake,
 Left you, too late, should find your gross Mistake;
 Let not her Charms, allure you to adhere,
 To any starving Cause, tho' ne'er so clear:
 Depend not on wise Providence, that rules
 The World, to pour down Miracles on Fools.
 Be always cautious, busy not your Thoughts
 With sham Conspiracies, or real Plots;
 But mind your Safety, court the strongest Side,
 And let your Int'rest be your constant Guide,
 That never lies, or hides from human View,
 But is to all Men, at the Bottom, true;
 Reason itself, must here its Sceptre wave,
 And to victorious Int'rest be a Slave,
 That never fails of Advocates and Friends,
 Kings, Fleets and Armies, seek no other Ends,
 For Wealth alone, the jarring World contends.

In all you do, let Int'rest be your Aim,
 Pursue it as the Hunter does its Game:
 That, rightly manag'd, in precarious Times,
 May into Virtues, turn your greatest Crimes,
 Give costly Schemes, a parsimonious Face,
 And polish ill Designs, tho' ne'er so base;

In-

Int'rest, in ev'ry Nation, is ador'd,
 And reigns o'er all Men, as a sovereign Lord;
 The very Name's so efficacious grown,
 That if you'd bite the Country or the Town,
 Pretend but publick Int'rest, and the Cheat
 goes down.

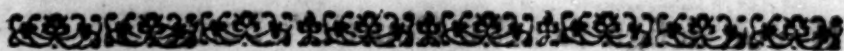
Therefore, my Son, thou Darling of my Heart,
 If you design to act a Courtier's Part,
 Mind not the hide-bound Doctrines of the Schools,
 But square your Life by more extensive Rules,
 Such as once practis'd and pursu'd with Care,
 Rais'd a poor Priest into the Papal Chair,
 And back'd with Boldness have, in Time of Yore,
 Advanc'd successful Slaves to sov'reign Pow'r;
 Then shake off bugbear Conscience, O my Son!
 And into no Religious Mazes run,
 But hug the golden Precepts I have here
 laid down.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing CANTO.

*Conscience in Youth, may be a while deprest,
 And seem to slumber in a careless Breast;*

But

*But Time shall come when she'll again awake,
 And give the fleshy Tenement a shake,
 Hold up, before the trembling Sinners Eyes,
 A List of all his Crimes to his Surprise,
 When least expected, re-assume her Pow'r,
 And like an angry Lion loudly roar,
 In the dark Bosom, where she slept before.*



CANTO II.

THE THEME.

*How Conscience and Religion should be us'd,
 Not strictly follow'd, nor in Words abus'd.
 That all dissembl'd Rev'rence should be paid
 To Priests, and the Church seemingly obey'd.
 That Reason is to Truth the surest Guide,
 And a just Judge, unbrib'd of any Side.*

IF you'd be Wise, from vulgar Errors free,
 And Great, as I presume you wish to be,
 Let no Opinion take too deep a Root,
 But, to the Times, your dear Religion sute;

Put

Put on the Shadow, that may be allow'd,
 But leave the Substance to the servile Crowd,
 They'r destin'd to be Slaves, and must obey
 The Mitre, or the Sword, that bears the Sway,
 Their restless savage Minds, by Nature rude,
 Must be reform'd by Creeds, by Craft subdu'd;
 Ty'd down to Faith, by Miracles of old,
 But lightly credited by whom they'r told;
 What then! 'tis fit such Tales Should be believ'd,
 The common Troop are born to be deceiv'd.
 But Thou, my Son! art of a nobler Kind,
 And ought to bear a more exalted Mind,
 Than to be cow'd and tutor'd by a Crew
 Of proud Religious Dolts, except a few,
 That know no more the Truth of what
 [they teach, than you.

However, guard your Tongue, give no Offence,
 But speak of Sacred Things, with Reverence;
 Frequent the Church, do Homage to your Pew,
 And there dissemble well, as others do;
 Hold up your Hat, as Madam does her Fan,
 And publish all the outward Zeal you can;

Some

Some Saints may in true Piety abound,
 But in this knowing Age they'r rarely found;
 Nor has the World a Touch-stone, yet to shew
 The false external Christian, from the true;
 For both when so disposed, may, in the Face,
 Wear the same outward Signs of inward Grace:
 Therefore in Church Affairs, cajole your Priest,
 And be an artful Hypocrite, at least;
 Bow to the Clergy, give the Gown the Wall,
 Humour their Pride, when in your Way they fall;
 In Publick, no due Reverence neglect,
 But always treat 'em with the best Respect;
 Ambassadors have Title to the same
 Regard, that their commanding Masters claim,
 Salute them with Submission, every where,
 As what they would be, or as what they are;
 Dispute no Point of Faith that they maintain,
 But yet, like them, make Godliness your Gain;
 Be friendly to 'em all, but take good Care,
 You'r not Priest-ridden, tho' you speak 'em fair;
 Make 'em not too familiar in your House,
 Nor trust 'em with your Daughter or your Spouse;
 Lest on their Weakness they too far intrude,
 And make them too religious to be good;

None

None knows how far they may the Text explain,
 For Priests are Flesh and Blood, like other Men;
 Or fair Queen *Emma*, by her godly Son,
 That pious *Saint* that rul'd the *British* Throne,
 Had ne'er perhaps been charg'd with doing ill,
 Or pass'd the glowing Plowshares of *Ordeal*.

Talk of Religion, with the utmost Awe,
 Not as a Science, but a Sacred Law,
 As if she drop'd from Heaven, to restrain
 The sordid Minds and sinful Lusts of Men;
 Improv'd in ev'ry Age, by slow Degrees,
 Till chang'd from what she was to what she is;
 No matter, take her as Reform'd of late,
 Not in her pristine, but her present State;
 Churches, like Thrones, must Revolutions feel,
 And have their casual Rounds in Fortune's Wheel;
 Religion warps and changes with the Times,
 And often turns Mens Virtues into Crimes,
 Or, thro' her Priests Self-int'rest or Mistake,
 Does, *Vice versa*, whiten Deeds when black;
 What! tho' she teaches Subjects to obey,
 She soon disarms the Prince that bears the Sway;

And, if embrac'd with too sincere a Zeal,
 Makes him neglectful of the Common-weal,
 Effeminates the Mind that should be brave,
 And to the Mitre, makes the Crown a Slave.
 External Sanctity great Men should wear,
 Go oft' to Church and seem devout at Pray'r;
 But use her as her grave Defenders do,
 Make her still gainful, whether false or true,
 Like them, her Rights and Extra-Forms obey,
 But have her Laws at Heart, no more than they:
 Heroick Minds a bolder Course should steer,
 Religion only teaches Kings to fear;
 Exemplar Piety ne'er serves a Throne,
 But often wrongs the Prince that sits thereon;
 For this old Maxim Ages have maintain'd,
 Whenever Kings were *Saints*, the Clergy reign'd;
 Then pious Frauds were sanctify'd with Grace,
 And flatt'ring Knaves turn'd Hypocrites apace,
 Seeking fresh Bounties, in a godly Way,
 Till all the Prince could give was made their Prey.
 Thus when a Monarch's more devout than wise,
 His lewdest Courtiers will deceive his Eyes,
 And ev'ry Knave seem holy in Disguise.

*So, when a foreign Vice creeps in at Court,
It's soon indulg'd by all the nobler Sort,
And from those upper Ranks descending down,
Becomes a Mode with every Fop in Town.*

As low Degrees thus imitate the Great,
And wisely change with ev'ry Change of State,
So the learn'd Offspring of our British Schools,
Adapt their Precepts to the Pow'r that rules;
For great Preferments, wheresoe'er they lie,
Guide both the florid Tongue and tempt the Eye;
No gifted Brother sure was e'er so vain
To tire his Lungs, without a View of Gain;
The Bull in barren Grounds, proclaims his Need,
And with Impatience roars for better Feed;
The Crow o'er fruitless Hills in Silence flies,
But croaks and flutters where the Carrion lies.
So Man, that Brute of Reason, hunts his Prey,
And labours to be fat as well as they;
The Priest, tho' ne'er so pious, learn'd and good,
Like other craving Mortals, must have Food:
And should Church Cupboards be no longer free,
But lock'd by Law, and Conscience keep the Key,
What sordid pious Guide, would not, if poor,
Contrive to pick the Lock, or force the Door?

A wise

A wise Man cannot think good Men deserve
 The World's Applause, because they proudly starve,
 And, in Contempt of a misgovern'd State,
 Make that their Choice, which rather seems
 their Fate.

Content, perhaps, may, in a low Degree,
 Be rarely found, but not in Poverty;
Stoicks may argue, and our Teachers cant,
 But Happiness can ne'er agree with Want;
 Our wiser Guides well know they ne'er unite,
 But, like the distant Poles, are opposite;
 Therefore, the Pow'rs in Being they obey,
 And seek a happy Life the gainful'st Way,
 They with the wav'ring World, know how
 to deal,
 And change their Minds as Fortune turns her
 Wheel,
 Stand to no Point, like conscientious Fools,
 But suit their Doctrine to the Power that rules;
 What! tho' a Prince invades another's Throne,
 Possession makes the Diadem his own,
 The Church must blot the Loser out, and pray
 For him that has obtain'd the sov'reign Sway;
 No matter, unto whom the Reins are given,
 All is pursuant to the Will of Heaven;
 There-

Therefore, take care, be flexible and wise,
 Let no Disputes within your Breast arise,
 Concerning Right or Wrong, but put your Trust
 In those that reign, and think their Title just;
 Right, without Strength is but an empty Name,
 Pretensions to a Crown are always lame,
 Without a potent Army to support the same.

In publick Conflicts make the Church your
 [Guide,
 The Clergy always take the surest Side;
 Swear as they do, lose nothing for an Oath,
 But steadily observe their Faith and Troth;
 They know their In'trest, and in that they find
 Continual Safety, and a quiet Mind:
 They ne'er debate the Justice of a Cause;
 But steer their Doctrines by the Nation's Laws,
 For Conscience Sake, no foolish Hazards run,
 But always take religious Care to shun
 That odious Sin, of being quite undone.

Therefore, in War, domestick Jars or Peace,
 Follow their Steps, you ne'er can tread amiss,
 The yielding, easy Temper, that complies
 With all the monstrous Changes that arise,

Is happy, still, in ev'ry Turn of State,
 None but the Stubborn are unfortunate:
 Ev'n Providence itself, we see gives Way,
 To Things, that we count wicked, ev'ry Day,
 Then who, when Int'rest calls, that's in his Wits,
 Would disapprove what Providence permits:
 But, in all Changes, cautiously advance,
 And make the most of ev'ry present Chance;
 Let no religious Checks or sacred Ties,
 Cause your bright Soul to be more nice than wise;
 As to the other World, let that Affair,
 Alone, like Men of Honour, till you're there,
 You're non-repenting Sinners only find
 The sweet Effects of an unshaken Mind,
 That dreads no future Hell, regards no Priest,
 But sleeps at Ease in a remorseless Breast.
 What's Conscience? but a doubtful Light unseen,
 Which wise Men, as they please, put out or in,
 The Lanthorn's dark wherein the Meteor burns,
 And all Men use it as it serves their Turns;
 When Int'rest calls, it like a Comet shines,
 But, in Affairs repugnant, it declines;
 Self-preservation gives a partial Puff,
 That douts the Flame and only leaves the Snuff:

All

All Parties, Factions ev'ry jarring Side,
 Pretend alike to this unerring Guide;
 Tho', in Religion, they'r Eternal Foes,
 And vent their mutual Hate in Words and Blows;
 Oppress each other with Religious Spight,
 Yet darling Conscience tells 'em all they'r right.
 Thus Christian, Pagan, Turk and Jew, contend,
 And Tooth and Nail their diff'rent Faiths defend;
 With equal Zeal one happy End pursue,
 Some in old beaten Tracts and some in new,
 Believe in each as they are blindly led,
 Heav'n has no other Path but what they tread.
 Whence can these partial Sentiments arise,
 That poison Fools and even taint the Wise,
 But from old fictitious Tales, which in our Youth,
 Are pass'd upon our tender Years for Truth:
 Gossips, by whom we are in Childhood nurs'd,
 Fright us with Bugbears of Religion first,
 Or Parents early Documents, at least,
 Prepare us, while we're Infants, for the Priest,
 And thus by artful Managements, like these,
 They bend our Fancies to what Faith they please;
 Teach us, with Opinions to agree,
 And as they like or differ, so do we;

From hence our various Consciences arise,
 Those dim uncertain lights that wrong our Eyes,
 And make us such invet'rate Enemies.

My Son, let no such Light your Reason blind,
 Avoid this *Ignis Fatuus* of the Mind,
 Cheat not your self, by following such a Guide,
 That always steers too narrow or too wide;
 A Pha'ton that too often runs astray,
 And knows not how to keep the middle Way;
 A Zeal that glows in the Religious Mind,
 And with contentious Heat, inflames Mankind;
 A *gens se quoy*, that all Opinions boast,
 And yet a Cloak that Knaves make use of most;
 A partial Judge, who little Justice heeds,
 When that great Orator, Self-int'rest pleads;
 But gravely condescends to what is vile,
 And cries out Conscience, Conscience, all the while,

Therefore, my Son, be careful how you trust
 Those pious *Saints* that seem so over just,
 Since all Mankind, except poor honest Fools,
 Square to their Int'rest their religious Rules;

Some

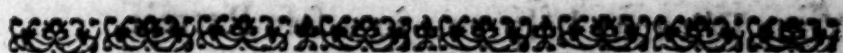
Some thriving Faith most zealously embrace,
 And where they find most Gain, seek out for Grace.
 The cunning Zealot steers his happy Course,
 Not by his tender Conscience, but his Purse;
 Not by that wild uncertain Guide that frames,
 A Thousand Sects and bears as many Names;
 In Princes Courts, where Quality reside,
 With pious Ladies, Conscience is but Pride;
 In Statesmen, avaritious Policy,
 In the poor Subject's Bosom, Loyalty,
 Undaunted Courage in the Bold and Brave,
 Faithful Obedience in the humble Slave;
 In Woman Virtue, Honour in the Great,
 But a meer *Proteus* in the Church and State.
 Therefore, since all Men bend her as they please,
 To sute their Humour, Int'rest or their Ease,
 Let Conscience never gain the upper-hand,
 But give to Reason the supreme Command,
 That, if well study'd, is a good High-Priest,
 And of all Teachers, will be found the best:
 In grand Affairs her Arguments prevail,
 And in the wisest Councils turn the Scale;
 Reason the highest Attribute of Man,
 By which the Wise do all Religions scan;

The ancient Founder of our Laws and Creeds,
 The truest Touch-stone of our Words and Deeds;
 By her we wisely govern or obey,
 And fairly try what all Men do or say:
 Who then, but those nurs'd up in holy Pride,
 For any doubtful Rule, would lay aside
 So just a Judge and so sincere a Guide?

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Canto.

*The Statesman that would long successful be,
 Must by Religion square his Policy;
 For human Cunning, in a Christian Realm,
 Has not sufficient Strength to rule the Helm;
 The Church and Crown, if things are manag'd right,
 Must in all Councils cordially unite,
 Where they divide, sure Ruin is at hand,
 For that's the Kingdom meant which cannot stand.*

CANTO



CANTO III.

The THEME.

*How a young Courtier should himself deport,
 What Talents are most useful in a Court,
 Of Methods to insinuate with the Great;
 And how to raise his Fortune in the State;
 Which way to make the female Sex his Friends,
 And by what Means to gain his wish'd-for Ends.*

IF you desire, among the nobler Sort,
 To raise your Fortune in a Prince's Court,
 Be bold, be civil, flatter like the rest,
 But keep a constant Padlock on your Breast:
 Converse with Courtiers in a cautious Way,
 Let no Man know your Mind by what you say,
 But, like the Pagan Oracles of old,
 Speak well, yet let your Sense be double-fold;
 At least, when you by Accident debate
 Such weighty Matters as concern the State:

For

For then, if Chance your Judgment should defeat,
 Your Wit may help you to a safe Retreat,
 By straining Words, you did before express,
 To Meanings, that may sute the present Case;
 For when, as wav'ring Nature prompts, you chuse
 To deal in Love, Court-flatt'ry, or Abuse,
 That Logic call'd *fallacious* will be found of use.

Closely attend the Court, watch ev'ry Hour,
 The Motions of the fav'rite Clan in Pow'r;
 Of their State-conduct Observation make,
 Note all their Slips, and ev'ry Step they take;
 Remark their Foibles, let no darling Vice,
 Or pers'nal Failing, 'scape your Ears or Eyes;
 Till, in your common Place-book, you can see
 The Characters of all the Ministry,
 That when it suits your Int'rest or your Spite,
 Your Pen may paint 'em either black or white:
 For Men that aim at Pow'r must first be Spies,
 The Knowledge of a Court makes Courtiers wise,
 No Youth without such useful Wings can rise.

If you have Parts sufficient to converse
 With him that steers the Helm, and rules the Purse,
 By

By artful means insinuate, if you can;
 And make your self his Tool, his only Man;
 Stickle at nothing that may gain his Love;
 But still regard your Safety as you move;
 To sooth his Vices, lay your own aside;
 Share in his Faults, but don't be griggify'd,
 Run e'ery length, if safe, that he can ask,
 Help on his Schemes and glory in the Task;
 Humour his Passions like an artful Bride,
 Indulge his Lust and gratify his Pride;
 In all Things ape him, whether lewd or chaste,
 As if your Souls in the same Mould were cast;
 For 'tis observ'd, like Tempers often prove
 The prime Occasion of succeeding Love;
 Pry into e'ery Secret of his Breast,
 Let no *Arcanum* unattempted rest;
 But this grand part must be with Art perform'd,
 When he's in Wine or with some Passion warm'd,
 Then is your Time to sift, when Wisdom's Rein
 Hangs loose beneath his wild disorder'd Brain,
 For Statesmen have blind Sides as well as
 (weaker Men.

But

But, if you find him too reserv'd and wise
 To take a chearful Glass, for fear of Spies ;
 Or that his Tongue should casually let slip
 Some deep Design or Plot before it's ripe,
 Take it for granted, be he grave or gay,
 He spends his leisure Hours some other way,
 To sooth unbridl'd Nature and regale,
 Those loose Desires that do the most prevail ;
 For e'ery Mortal hugs within his Breast,
 Some darling Vice that supercedes the rest ;
 If amorous he proves, you may be sure,
 He's not without his charming Paramour,
 Whose Youth and Beauty, those united Pow'rs,
 Ingross the Statesman at his vacant Hours,
 Unman him, as the Fair do other Fools,
 And tempt him to recede from Wisdom's Rules ;
 For few, by dint of Policy or Arms,
 Can soar above the reach of Female Charms ;
 When Beauty does her awful Looks display,
 Nature, in spite of Reason, will obey ;
 No Philosophic Maxim e'er could prove
 Sufficient Armour 'gainst the Force of Love,
 That raging Fire that scorches ev'ry Crown,
 And melts the sordid'st Politician down ;

What

What tho' he wisely steers the Helm of State,
 No Man was ever yet too proud or great,
 To gratify his Lust or to revenge his Hate.

If this weak Side affects the lofty Man,
 Whose useful Secrets you attempt to gain,
 You then must change your Shape, as Players do,
 And act another Part, the Scene is new ;
 In this Attempt, pray make it first your Care
 To know what Lady is his darling Fair,
 In what peculiar Graces she excels,
 Her Quality, her Name, and where she dwells,
 Sift but his Servants, in an artful way,
 And you may learn some Truths by what they say,
 They'r always Spies upon their Masters Faults,
 And, like unguarded Fools, soon shoot their Bolts.

But, if this Method fails you, still go on,
 There are more Passes to the Wood than one,
 Seek out some rev'rend Lady, in Decay,
 Who wisely manages Intrigues for Pay,
 Such as old *F-----s*, in a former Reign,
 For Courts have *B-----s* as well as *Drury-Lane*,

D

Consult

Consult this grave experienc'd Dame, and she
 May tell you who this Paramour must be,
 Especially, if you a Present make,
 Of Gold, fine Citron-Water, Tea or 'Rack;
 And as you more and more familiar grow,
 Ply her with Cordials till her Spirits glow,
 And she'll, perhaps, discover what you want
 [to know.]

When once you've gain'd these necessary Points,
 Learn what Diversions Madam most frequents;
 Whether in Plays or Concerts she delights,
 Or spends at Masquerades her leisure Nights;
 If she loves Gaming, know her Carding Days,
 And at what crafty Matron's House she plays;
 For cast-off Ladies, who have ply'd at Court,
 When old, keep Ombre-tables for Support,
 Where they instruct young Gam'sters when they
 [meet,
 How to intrigue, and how at Cards to cheat;
 As poor unhappy Heralds, when decay'd,
 Teach upstart Squires to blazon Arms, for Bread.
 If to these Pastimes she has no desire,
 Pray stop not here, but further still enquire,
 Whether,

Whether, in Summer, she the Town forsakes,
 And at some public Wells her Pleasure takes,
 With purging Waters and refreshing Air,
 To bleech her Skin and make her Looks more fair;
 For *English* Ladies, tho' reserv'd and proud,
 By long repeated Custom, are allow'd,
 Like the celestial Orbs, to move and shew
 Their bright Angelick Forms to common View,
 Such lovely beauteous Dames, so much desir'd,
 By whose vesuvian Eyes our Hearts are fir'd,
 Were made, like blazing Stars, to be admir'd.

Pursue her closely wherefoe'er she goes,
 And flutter round her Charms like other Beaus;
 If in the Walks, where Quality resort,
 And Cupid makes their bleeding Hearts his Sport,
 You chance to meet fair Madam in your Way,
 Bow low and some uncommon Defence pay,
 Dissemble Looks and Sighs that may declare
 The Pains you suffer, from the Love you bear,
 And, if she likes you, by Degrees, you'll find
 Her rowling Stars will explicate her Mind;
 Then tender your Address, and not till then,
 For this old Maxim Lovers still retain,

The wimbling Eye, in e'ery fresh Amour
Should pierce the Breast, before the Tongue should

[bore,

Observe her Steps, to th'Raffling-shops repair,
Make your self always one, if she be there,
Put down your stake, and when the dice are thrown,
Present to her, what Fortune makes your own :
By these Gradations artfully proceed,
Till both your Minds are mutually agreed,
Then press her Favours with a comely Grace,
And manfully make use of Time and Place ;
But this transcendant Point must be obtain'd,
Before she finds you know her keeping Friend,
Or, by her Fear, she'll conquer her Desire,
And seem to be all Ice, when you are Fire ;
Nay, turn the Tables, and, perhaps, to shew
Her Charms more constant and her Love more
[true,
Create a fatal difference 'twixt her friend and you.

But if by prudent Means you make her kind,
And bring her to be subject to your Mind,
Then tell the Dame, when in her Arms you've slept,
You know the Secret and by whom she's kept ;

But

But still make large Professions of your Love,
 Such as may all her Doubts and Fears remove;
 Lest her wild Thoughts should operate awry,
 And dictate, you'r no Lover, but a Spy,
 Sent by her Keeper to excite her Lust,
 And try how far she is reserv'd and just.
*A Method some young Fools, of vicious Lives,
 Have, to their Sorrow, practis'd with their Wives.*

Remove all such Suspicions from her Breast,
 Till of your faithful Friendship she's possess'd;
 Then may you make th' intriguing Date of Use
 In all your great Designs and gainful Views:
 For wanton Woman, if you once can gain
 Her Heart, by pleasing more than other Men,
 Will cheat her Keeper, rob her Father's Chest,
 Do all the Wrongs that Virtue can detect,
 To serve the dear Gallant she likes the best.

Thus Kings and Princes have been oft betray'd,
 And Pimps and Stallions Politicians made;
 For brilliant Ladies of the nobler Sort,
 That shine among the ruling Stars at Court,
 Blending

Blending their lovely Charms with female Craft,
 Soon teach their Fav'rites how to climb aloft.
 If you desire to be a Man of Note,
 You must pay Homage to the Petticoat;
 Please but some gay young D——s, underhand,
 And you perhaps may half the C——t command;
 Statesmen, 'tis true, may seem to bear the Sway,
 But lovely Woman makes ev'n them obey,
 And often governs with more Art than they.

Therefore, my Son, take care that you remove
 All Scruples that impede clandestine Love.
 When Int'rest calls you to a Lady's Arms,
 Regard not who has Title to her Charms,
 But act like other Courtiers, and pursue
 The richest Game that proles within your View,
 And you may rise to be you know not what
 [For who?]

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Canto.

*When wicked Statesmen hold Astræa's Scales,
 Bribery must give the Weight whilst Craft prevails;
 Justice*

Justice herself be treated with Disdain,
 And starving Virtue beg Relief in vain;
 The Rev'rend Mitre by the Sword be aw'd,
 And all that's holy made a Cloak to Fraud;
 Yet, in all Ages, Christians have confest,
 That honest Policy still proves the best:
 For tho' a Builder, with a skilful Hand,
 May raise a Tow'r upon a Bank of Sand,
 Yet the next Storm, which he must surely dread,
 May blow the tott'ring Babel on his Head.



CANTO IV.

THE THEME.

When freed from all religious Rules that bind
 To pious Works the well-instructed Mind,
 And render'd fit, by any Means, tho' base,
 To squeeze and elbow into Pow'r and Place,
 What is the surest Method to secure
 A Country Borgugh, ignorant and poor;
 What to observe, among the Wise and Great,
 When first admitted to a Chapel-seat;

How

*How artful Leaders subtil Points debate,
When some are for and some against the State.*

WHEN Politician-like, you've bid adieu
To moral Virtues and Religion too,
And borrow'd, to perform a Courtier's Part,
A Lamb-skin Outside, and a Fox's Heart,
That your external Innocence may charm
The World, when you design the greatest Harm,
Then shape your Course to some exalted Sphere,
And like an artful Pilot boldly steer ;
Let neither Fear of Rocks or Shelves retard
Your daring Voyage, tho' the Wind blows hard,
But tack, as ev'ry shifting Gale requires,
Till you have gain'd the Port of your Desires :
The Gold of *India* is not got with Ease,
He that will fetch it must defy the Seas ;
The brave ambitious Youth should conquer all,
The Rubs that Fortune in his Way lets fall ;
Great Birds, in spite of Clouds, will upwards fly,
Th'aspiring Eagle dreads no stormy Sky,
For if she did she'd never soar so high.

When

When you have well imbib'd my useful Rules,
 Instead of those supported by the Schools,
 And shaken off all conscientious Ties,
 As most Men do that to Preferment rise;
 Then, at the next Election, fill your Purse,
 And to some starving Borough have Recourse;
 Put on your gravest Looks, Selam the May'r,
 Court all his Brethren, speak 'em wondrous fair;
 Kiss their old Wives, make much of the Forsooths,
 And tongue your Gold into their toothless Mouths;
 Feast all th'Electors with substantial Chear,
 Roast Sirloins, powder'd Buttocks and strong Beer;
 Harangue 'em at their Meetings, and complain
 Of warlike Taxes in a peaceful Reign,
 And, with a fighting Breast and shaking Head,
 Lament aloud the sad Decay of Trade;
 Have no Regard to Truth, but rack your Brain,
 And must'r up all the Grievances you can;
 Then boldly charge the same upon the great
 Misconduct of some Fav'rite in the State,
 Who sits at Helm, surrounded by his Friends,
 And forms new Projects for his own By-ends,

E

Such

Such as, if fairly open'd, would surprize
 The Senate's Ears and all the Nation's Eyes;
 No Matter what's his Post, or who's the Man,
 Make you his Crimes as monstrous as you can,
 Calumniate stoutly, whether false or true,
 Regard not that, when Int'rest is in View:
 The list'ning Burghers, that attend your Feast,
 Will cast the Blame on him they like the least;
 They'll point out some proud Minister of State,
 Whose Greatness has incurr'd the People's Hate,
 And at his Door, with Indignation, lay
 The utmost Faults your Genius can display;
 For ev'ry needy Knave and starving Fool
 Charge all they suffer upon those that rule:
 Therefore great Men are easily defam'd,
 The Fox sometimes is wrongfully condemn'd,
 Both oft are guilty, but more often blam'd.

When with due Caution you have play'd this Part,
 And blacken'd some proud Minister, with Art,
 Set forth the Nation's Grievances at large,
 Her useless Forces and her needless Charge,
 Plots without Colour, Danger without Grounds,
 Excessive Taxes and deficient Funds,

And

And all the Wrongs that a misguided Helm
 Can bring upon an injur'd jealous Realm;
 Then give some Hints of a Design in hand,
 To cure these Evils which afflict the Land;
 Which to the Senate shall be mov'd, in case
 You timely should obtain a proper Place:
 Promise a thousand Things you ne'er intend,
 And that's the surest Way to gain your End;
 Copy the holy Father, till you get
 The tempting Fish, then lay aside the Net;
 Say what is pleasing, whether false or true,
 Impose on your Inferiors, then you'll do
 No more than what your Betters do by you.

These are but Methods which in former Time
 Were us'd, and Custom takes away the Crime;
 What monstrous Evils, in the Days of Yore,
 Have not been practis'd to arrive at Pow'r;
 That lofty wavy ring Sphere, which makes the Great
 Appear distorted, be they ne'er so straight?
 So the gay Dolphin, on his Prey intent,
 Springing above his native Element,
 Seems always crooked to the Sailor's Eye,
 Tho' finely form'd by Nature, not awry.

When by these Arts, so much in vogue of late,
 You've gain'd sure Footing in the School of State,
 Look round that wise Assembly, and you'll find
 Three Parties, each of a peculiar Kind;
 One to the Court by strong Engagements ty'd,
 Another thrifty Clan to Trade ally'd,
 The third substantial Worthies, County Knights,
 Sincere Defenders of the People's Rights,
 Who, with unsully'd Palms, discharge their Trust,
 And to the common Cause prove always just;
 These, well descended of an ancient Race,
 In Parchment Scrolls their Origin can trace,
 And, to their Honour, shew, in Deeds of old,
 Clear Titles to the solid Wealth they hold:
 These are the Tuscan Order, that support
 The tall Corinthian Pillars of the Court,
 And, in the worst Immurgencies, sustain
 The galling Taxes of a costly Reign.

The former two in Riches rise or fall,
 As wiser Heads for their Assistance call,
 Stocks and Court-favours make 'em Friends or Foes
 To any Int'rest or depending Cause;

These

These of contending Parties make the most,
 Till tedder'd down by Pension or by Post,
 Then leaning all one way, to serve the State,
 They seem more crooked as they grow more great;
 No Wonder, since each Mortal that aspires
 Must bend and wind as the steep Hill requires.

However climb, and never mind the Frappe,
 No Man in Pow'r can their Reproach Escape,
 Envy alone distempers common Eyes,
 All lofty Objects do their Sight surprize;
 As Dunghill Poultry, in their sudden Frights,
 Take harmless Birds upon the Wing for Kites,
 So the dull Croud, as silly Brutes as they,
 Think all that climb above 'em Beasts of Prey.

Now plac'd among this wise Divan of State,
 Where clashing Parties weighty Points debate,
 Look round the Senate and perhaps you'll find,
 Some angry Patriot, factiously inclin'd,
 Whose restless Soul cannot with Patience bear,
 The Helm of State beneath a Rival's Care,
 But, fir'd with proud Ambition and Disgust,
 Resolves to thwart him tho' his Schemes are just;
 And

*So second Wives oft rail against the first,
Tho', of the two, the latter proves the worst.*

Another motely Faction you may find
Alike displeas'd, but of a diff'rent kind ;
These, as they change their Fortunes, change
[their Note,
Are Whigs in Pow'r and Tories when they'r out,
Who wanting neither Cunning, Pride nor Spleen,
Are a smart Compound of two sorts of Men,
Some, who, by Fraud or party Zeal, have lost
Good Stations, others, who were ne'er in Post,
But fairly promis'd by some pow'rful Lord,
Have been postpon'd and fool'd by Breach of Word
Might therefore justly think themselves ill us'd,
And their known Merits question'd or abus'd ;
These, with low Pockets, make a knotty Band
Rare Tools in a discarded Statesman's Hand,
Who countermines the Court to reinstate
Himself and Friends, or to revenge his Hate ;
For the proud Man, that once enjoy'd the Fruit
Of Pow'r, can ne'er be easy when he's out ;
Desire of Wealth and Grandeur fills his Mind,
And to inferior Comforts makes him blind.

There-

Therefore, remember this, my dearest Son;
 Men seek not great Employments from the
 [Throne;

To serve the publick Int'rest, but their own.

When thus, among the Wisdom of the Land,
 As Business calls, you can a Seat command,
 Tho' you've Assurance and sufficient Parts
 To back or thwart what any Member starts;
 Be silent for a Time, observe the Rules
 And standing Orders of this School of Schools:
 Hear how the leading Partizans contend,
 And strictly mind what Int'rests they defend;
 By their warm Speeches, you may eas'ly guess
 What Spokesman has a Pension or a Place,
 Which the good Men, that no Preferment seek,
 But for the publick Welfare boldly speak;
 Who the unkennel'd Foxes that support
 The snarling Faction, noxious to the Court;
 Which Party seems most stupid, which most
 (bright,
 Who favours Wrong and who espouses Right;
 Who are for less'ning what the Nation bears,
 And who for Taxes, Poverty and Wars;

By

By these due Observations, you may find
 How Men, for Int'rest, waver like the Wind,
 And, by the labour'd Speeches that they make,
 Whose Hearts are most sincere, whose Hands most
 [black;
 In all Assemblies that abound in Sense,
 Gold will obtain more Votes, than Eloquence;
 Fine Speeches, may delight the Ears of Some,
 But Gold, will even charm the Deaf and Dumb;
 Indulge our Lusts; accommodate our Pride,
 And do a thousand wondrous Things beside.

In this Divan, where Men of Wisdom meet,
 With whom I'm now preparing you to sit,
 Three pow'ful Parties will surround the Chair,
 When two combine, the third must have a Care;
 If Court and Country join, and bear the Sway,
 Then Trade must feel the Burthen of the Day;
 If Court and City cordially agree,
 Then must the Land the greatest Suff'rer be;
 But when the Knight and trading Party join,
 Then will the Int'rest of the Court decline,
 And those Jac-calls that hunt the Lion's Prey,
 Must truckle, and to publick Good give Way.

F

When

When you have watch'd the Contests that arise
 Among the Learn'd, the Politick and Wise,
 You'll then, my Son, be able, like the rest,
 To judge, which Party futes your Int'rest best ;
 Who are the fav'rite Spokesmen, that are most
 In Fee with the great Man that rules the Roast,
 And upon all Occasions labour hard
 To gain those Points the Faction would retard ;
 Strike in with these, and strenuously exert
 Your Parts, in favour of the craving Court ;
 Extol your Prince, in Ev'ry warm Debate,
 And highly praise the Conduct of the State ;
 The worse they steer, commend 'em still the more,
 And find a healing Salve for Ev'ry Sore ;
 Till, by repeated Speeches, you have shown
 Abilities and Will, to serve the Throne ;
 By these soft Means ingratiate, if you can,
 Your self with him that is the pow'rful Man ;
 Attend his Levee daily, be his most
 Obsequious Vassal, till you've gain'd a Post ;
 Then let your Loyalty still brighter shine,
 Not only in the House, but o'er your Wine ;

Be

Be bold and popular in Ev'ry Thing,
 Make the whole Town of your deportment ring,
 And crown your publick Riots with, *God save*
[the King.]

But if this Method meets with no Regard,
 And your good Service fails of a Reward,
 Then change your Party, that the Court may see
 Ambition supercedes your Loyalty;
 Join with those factious Hotspurs, that explode
 The State, and cry aloud for publick Good;
 Foment Divisions, widen Evry Breach,
 And fill with dark Complaintseach galling Speech;
 Strike at the Junto home that bears the Sway,
 But do it in a Senatory Way;
 Keep your self safe, yet daringly reflect,
 In Hints ironical, Court-Faults detect,
 And shew your high Resentment for Neglect.

Merit has but two Ways to climb at Court,
 One is to Flatter, t'other is to Thwart;
 The first is safe and easy, but the last
 Is rough and oft with threat'ning Storms o'ercastr;

Therefore, when e'er you steer the latter Course,
 Guard your self well against superior Force,
 Left jealous Pow'rs that guide the Helm of State,
 Should strain the Laws, to bring about the Fate
 Of an aspiring Foe, they either Fear, or Hate.

Take care, the Leader of your factious Clan
 Be wealthy, and a proud ambitious Man;
 One that has serv'd the Throne in lofty Spheres,
 And been conversant with the Court, for Years;
 Wise in his Conduct; when in Pow'r, approv'd;
 Without just Cause, capriciously remov'd;
 Or that his Prince, perhaps, might have in view,
 In glorious Ends, too dang'rous to pursue,
 Such as no great or good Man, for the Sake
 Of royal Smiles, would care to undertake;
 Therefore, resign'd his opulent Command,
 To a less rich or more audacious Hand:
 For he that leans upon a Royal Throne,
 And disapproves his Will that sits thereon,
 Or deviates from the Scheme his Prince has laid,
 Must lose his Post, at least, if not his Head;

As little Clouds sometimes great Storms portend,
 So small Disguists in Tyrants, often end
 I'th' hasty Ruin of a cautious Friend. }

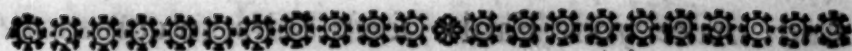
Therefore, the prudent Statesman, when re-
 (mov'd,
 Tho' highly, when imploy'd, caress'd and lov'd,
 Must, for his Safety, countermine the Court,
 Lest those in Favour should conspire his Hurt;
 For 'tis the Pride of Juntos, when arriv'd
 At Pow'r, to worry those they have depriv'd;
 Knowing, the Politician, when disgrac'd,
 Will fly to them that think themselves oppress'd,
 And spirit up a Faction, to decry
 The Conduct of the ruling Ministry,
 And use all Means to craftily revenge
 His Fall, by working some destructive Change,
 And, form such Schemes as may, perhaps, con-
 (strain
 His Prince to call him to the Helm again.

Moral

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Canto.

*Tho' some ambitious Men may climb aloft
 By servile Flatt'ry, or nefarious Craft,
 Yet those that by such Methods rise at Court,
 Too often find their hasty Reign but short ;
 Unworthy Tools an Eminence may gain,
 But he's the Man that can his Post maintain ;
 Unequal Fav'rites may to Pow'r aspire,
 But rarely keep the Stations they acquire ;
 Young Phaëton drove the Chariot of the Sun,
 But by his own misguidance was undone ;
 Heedless o'th' wise Instructions of his Sire,
 He scorch'd the Heav'ns and set the Earth on Fire ;
 So the great Man that proudly ridicules
 All moral Virtues and religious Rules,
 That mocks the Priesthood, does the Church despise,
 And thinks, that to be wicked's to be wise,
 In daring Schemes, against his God rebels,
 And proves a Curse to th' Kingdom where he dwells.*

CANTO



CANTO V.

The T H É M E.

*When the young Courtier has obtain'd a Post,
 What Sort of Rules will be of Use the most;
 Which Way to countermine or overthrow
 A flatt'ring Rival or a pow'rful Foe;
 What means are best, if he be near the Throne,
 To fill his Prince's Coffers and his own;
 When rais'd, at last, to an exalted Pitch,
 And made exorbitantly great and rich,
 Till, Envy raises Enemies of Court,
 And injur'd Crouds begin to throw their Dirt,
 What Methods then, e'er he resigns his Pow'r,
 He ought to take to make himself secure.*

When in the Road to raise your Fortune high,
 Either by Merit, or by Steps awry,
 No matter which, push forward, work your
 (Ends,
 Profit and Pow'r will never fail of Friends,
 Such

Such as will varnish Ev'ry Ill you do,
 And make your Faults seem Stars to common
 (View;

Be gen'rous, and 'tis easy to command
 A weekly Paper, by an artful Hand,
 He'll be your Scavenger and sweep you clean,
 From all the Dirt, that Envy throws unseen;
 Till you, tho' monstrous, seem to common Eyes,
 As bright as Virtue and as *Solon* wise.
 Therefore, my Son, when in the way to Pow'r,
 Just or unjust, neglect no means 'an Hour,
 Stick at no Mischief, climb the Rounds apace,
 Frustration only makes Attempts seem base;
 Greatness derives its opulent Degrees,
 Not from right Actions but Obliquities;
 One gainful Fraud, well manag'd in the dark,
 Will sooner raise a brisk audacious Spark,
 Than fifty brave exploits more worthy of remark.

All Orders, Classes and Degrees of Men,
 Impose on other Ranks, o'er whom they reign;
 The Soldier, awes his Quarters by the Sword;
 The Priest his Parish, by the sacred Word;

The

The grave Phyſician, by his Coach and Cant,
 Deludes his Patients, to ſupply his Want;
 The Lawyer, by his Cunning in the Laws,
 Bubbles his Clients in each doubtful Cauſe:
 So he, that by his Prince's Favour rules
 The Helm, ſhould by his Wiſdom drain the }
 (Fools,
 And make the leſſer Pow'rs his working Tools.

In a true Courtier, Honour or Diſgrace,
 Is only Diſappointment, or Succeſs;
 He that in any Conteſt wins the Day,
 Goes off huzza'd, but t'other ſneaks away:
 From whence we find the Publick, to their
 [Shame,
 Oft miſapply their Praises and their Blame;
 For they that raſhly cenſure by Events,
 Examine not by Rules, but Accidents,
 Which unforeſeen, in ſpite of human Aid,
 May overthrow Deſigns, profoundly laid,
 And to ſupport, perhaps, as juſt a Cauſe
 As e'er was try'd, by Battle or by Laws;
 But what wiſe Man, of the ſublimeſt Senſe,
 Can answer for the Works of Providence?

Since Right, sometimes, with much inferior
 [Force,
 Has giv'n the Wrong, but stronger Side, the
 [worse,
 And the Wrong, arm'd with little more than
 Spite,
 Has turn'd the Tables, and subdu'd the right.
 In short, the wisest Judgments often fail,
 We know not how *Astræa* turns her Scale,
 Since Right and Wrong alternately prevail.

Therefore, my Son, when you contend with
 [Foes,
 Depend not on the Justice of your Cause,
 Fight like a Gen'ral, not a private Man,
 Use ev'ry crafty Stratagem you can,
 Success will make your Enemies obey,
 And crown the vilest Trick that you can play.

If you've a Rival that disturbs your Ease,
 And fills your Breast with Fears and Jealousies,
 Take all Advantage, whether fair or foul,
 And never fail to bite before you growl;

Surprize

Surprize him with a Trip, and when he's
 (thrown,
 Be sure you make the Victory your own,
 'Tis easy, when he's fall'n, to keep him down.

If you've a dang'rous Enemy at Court,
 Possess'd of Pow'r and Will to do you Hurt,
 Salute him kindly, flatt'r 'im to his Face,
 And in soft Words your friendly Zeal express;
 Such gentle Means his Envy may abate,
 And lull his Warmth into a dormant State,
 Becalm the Storm that flutter in his Breast,
 And in his thoughtful Hours disturbs his Rest,
 Till, by some artful Turn, you may e're long
 Divest him of the Pow'r to do you Wrong;
 For tho' you court his Smiles, and speak him
 [fair,
 Still let his Downfal be your daily Care:
 Should he by Chance, within your View, slip
 (down
 Into a Brook not deep enough to drown,
 To help him out a willing Arm extend,
 Such Friendship may, perhaps, make him your
 (Friend;

But if into a Well you hear him flounce,
 Shut down the Lid, get rid of him at once:
 For which is best, is difficult to know,
 To gain a real Friend or lose a Foe:

'Tis true, the first may serve you in your Need;
 What then, the last may your Designs impede,
 And sily work your Ruin, if you take not
 (Heed.)

If 'tis your happy Station, in the Course
 Of Fortune, to command the publick Purse,
 In Peace or War, alarm the People's Ears
 With artful Rumours, to create new Fears,
 Of Plots at home, or Dangers from abroad,
 By which the Land may greatly be annoy'd;
 And bribe some scribbling Wretch, that knows
 (no Shame,
 In his dull Prints to brute abroad the same;
 Then by your Agents in the Senate press
 Fresh Taxes, in this fanciful Distress;
 But first prepare the Band that may impede
 Your Project, and shake Hands with all that
 (lead;

Among

Treat no Man with Austerity or Pride,
 Nor brow the Foe that votes not on your Side;
 As brave a Hero as the World e'er bred,
 By vexing one Inferior, lost his Head:
 No splendid costly Palaces erect,
 To grace the County that you most affect;
 Lest, by assuming too much outward State,
 You make yourself the Envy of the Great,
 Whilst injur'd Thousands weepingly behold
 Your Vanity, supported by their Gold:
 Tho' rich as *Cræsus*, yet conceal your Wealth,
 Be grand within Doors, and profuse by Stealth;
 Let not your costly Equipage outshine
 The usual Grandeur of the Post you'r in:
 For if you do, tho' from Collusion free,
 The World will still suspect your Probity,
 And ev'ry Mortal harbour in his Breast
 All the ill Thoughts that Envy can suggest:
 Not that I'd have you boast or practise more
 True Honour, than the vilest Wretch in Pow'r;
 But, in all Frauds, go tenderly to Work,
 And bite unfelt, as if your Teeth were Cork;
 When you mean Hurt, put on a smiling Face,
 Good Looks give evil Deeds a comely Grace;
Stick

Stick at no Arts your Genius can command,
 To hide or further your Designs in hand;
 The crafty Hypocrite puts on the Saint,
 And gains his Ends by Gravity and Cant;
 The cunning Jilt affects a modest Air,
 And paints her Rott'ness, to appear more fair:
 Both Sexes find out Methods to eschew
 The Censures of the Publick; why not you?
 Externals wisely manag'd, oft disguise
 The worst of Villains, to the sharpest Eyes,
 And, from the most discerning Judgments,
 [skreen

The wicked'st Actions of the vilest Men:
 What Mortal dare inspect, at least assert,
 A miter'd Head an Atheist in his Heart?
 Or who, that does a Judge in Robes behold,
 Can think his Hands would grasp forbidden
 [Gold?

Yet, in authentick History, we find
 Such Monsters have appear'd among Mankind,
 And, when detected, have at last come off
 In Pomp, and made the injur'd World their
 [Scoff,
 Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd their Wealth, obtain'd by wicked
(Means,

And proudly glory'd in their gainful Sins,

As if Laws penal only were design'd

For Fools and Knaves of the inferior kind ;

The Great, may plunder Nations, with ap-
(plause,

And boldly bid Defiance to the Laws,

Their golden Armour is a sure Defence,

And burnishes their Crimes with Innocence,

Their whole Divan will for his Lordship plead,

Their Eyes are dazzl'd, when their Palms are
(feed;

No Guilt can the unerring Law behold,

In him, that blinds her with prevailing Gold ;

But the poor tatter'd Slave, that robs for Food,

Shall die unpity'd to amuse the Croud,

And at old Tyburn, make a mournful Speech,

That Tree which groans for those it can not
(reach.

Therefore, my Son, get Riches, if you can,

Gold will not only make, but save a Man ;

The envy'd Statesman on his Wealth depends,

He knows full Bags to be his surest Friends,

Tho'

Tho' Deaf and Dumb, they'll baffle fifty Laws,
 And are rare Council in a rotten Cause ;
 All things in this low'r World, are bought and
 (fold,
 No Mortal soars above the reach of Gold ;
 Justice, herself, forgets to be severe,
 When *Mammon* whispers Mercy in her Ear,
 That God will make the proudest Virtue fall,
 Unless the splendid Off'ring be too small,
 Enough you'll find, will bribe the fairest Saint,
 Give sudden Silence to a just Complaint.
 And even save a C---s from due Punishment. }

Therefore, take heed, when you arrive at
 [Pow'r,
 Hope not by virtuous Means to be secure,
 But place your safety, as a Statesman ought,
 In wealthy Sums, no Matter how they're got,
 They'll stand your Advocates, in e'ery Case,
 When other Friends forsake you in Distress ;
 Set all your wrong Administration right,
 And make your blackest Actions Jewel bright ;
 As wise Adepts, or Alchymists of old,
 Turn'd base ignoble Metals into Gold ;

Or as our Modern Barbers, skill'd in Hair,
Bleech the most dingy Colours into fair.

When by these useful Mysteries of State;
You've made yourself profoundly rich and great,
Rais'd your most trusty Friends and near Allies,
To all the best Preferments that arise,
Then cast a velum Mantle o'er your Crimes,
And for a safe retreat provide betimes,
E're the gull'd Nation, or the injur'd Throne,
Grow angry at the gainful Lengths you've run,
An *Essex* Lyon's manufactur'd Skin,
By virtue of some Words contain'd therein,
May wipe, at once, the foulest Traytor clean.

Let not your Prince's Favour, or your Pride,
Make you disdain to be indemnify'd,
Since Men of upright Conduct in the State,
For want of such a Skreen, have stoop'd to Fate;
Nations, that do but think themselves oppress'd,
Grow wild and are of frantick Fits possess'd,
And when they shake their Clubs and rowl their
[Eyes,
Like Gods, must be appeas'd by Sacrifice;
There-

Therefore, take care, e're you resign your Pow'r
 By proper Means, to make your self secure;
 Then if the dire Resentments of the Age
 Should swell and burst into an open Page,
 Do you retire, let careless Fools be slain,
 And with their Blood the publick Scaffold stain,
 When the distemper'd Kingdom wants to
 breathe a vein.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Canto.

*Ambition with true Christian Honour join'd,
 Illustrates Virtue and exalts the Mind;
 To real Greatness shews a pleasing Way,
 And makes Man fit to govern or obey;
 But when she shakes off all Religious Rules,
 To propagate vile Schemes, by wicked Tools,
 And will admit of no restraint from Evil,
 Ambition then turns Man into a Devil,
 Presenting still to his insatiate Eye,
 Some tempting Object, dangerously high,*

Till

Till, like bold Icarus, he flies at all,
 Melts his wax Wings, and dreadful is his Fall.
 Ambition's only Luciferian Pride,
 Unless she's by Religion qualify'd?
 When e'er she spurs the Politician on,
 To beggar Kingdoms or betray the Throne;
 She only plays the Hag, in Triumph rides,
 And terrifies the Mind where she presides;
 Sets distands Grandeur in a glaring Light,
 And, like an Ignis Fatuus, wrongs the Sight.
 But when she glows in the religious Breast,
 That does, to Pow'r, ignoble Steps detest,
 She makes the Hero brave, the Statesman just,
 And truly equal to the greatest Trust;
 Inspires the active Worthby to excel,
 And manage all Negotiations well:
 Such should the Fav'rites be that bear Command
 O'er servile Crouds, and rule at second Hand,
 Men, who, like lofty Towers, the greater Height)
 They're built, the more they should the World-
 delight)
 In being rais'd so high, and yet upright.

F I N I S.

